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VOL. XXVI.

No. III.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimesque PATRES."

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '61.

WILLIAM H. FULLER,

SEXTUS SHEARER,

JOSEPH L. SHIPLEY,

EDWARD R. SILL,

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*The Old Lesson.*

On the 29th of June, 1852, as the members of both Houses were on their way to the Capitol, the tidings of an event reached them, which, with the suddenness of a blow, smote every heart with grief. As soon as the Senate had assembled, before the reading of its Journal, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, rose and said :—

“ Mr. President, a rumor has been circulated that Henry Clay is dead. I therefore move that the Senate adjourn.”

It was indeed too true. Henry Clay was dead. The mournful tidings, with lightning speed, swept over the land. Everywhere it was received with a silent grief, almost akin to awe.—There was something more than ordinarily terrible in the death of that colossal man. Detraction, which for years had leveled the engines of a slanderous and relentless persecution at the Great American Commoner, now stood abashed and dumb; while friendship and patriotism, all over the land, felt another and more poignant sorrow. The favorite of a nation was laid low, and a nation mourned. The Orator with almost matchless lips, the Statesman of profoundest skill, the Patriot of spotless worth, the Citizen, not of his own Ashland, not of his own Kentucky, not of his own country alone, but higher and nobler than all these, the Citizen of a struggling people everywhere, had

passed away from earth, and orators, statesmen, patriots and citizens vied in the expression of their sorrow, and mingled their tears over the fresh-made grave of the noblest of them all.

I know not how it is with others, but for myself, I have always loved that man. I have loved him, not as Orator, not as Statesman, not as the Representative of a great party, but I have loved him simply as Henry Clay. It was not eloquence, though his eloquence was fervid and overpowering; it was not logic, though his logic was keen and searching, and yielded only to that of Calhoun; it was not statesmanship, though he accomplished more, almost, in statesmanship, than all his compeers; it was none of these alone, which secured for him a lasting hold upon the gratitude and affection of his people, but it was the superadded wealth of a great heart, which never knew a single pulsation that was not warm with love to country and love to all mankind.

No wonder, then, that the American people should greet him with triumphal processions and multiplied honors when alive, for in him they recognized not only the illustrious statesman, but their noblest advocate, and their truest friend. When death came and despoiled him of his strength, no wonder that the same people should greet the funeral cortege with demonstrations of sorrow, as it slowly passed through the cities and towns which lined the route to Lexington, for, in the coffin lay the imperial dead, whose life had been so closely linked with public good, and whose death had left a vacancy in the National Councils and National heart, which no living statesman could supply. It was meet that Kentucky should pay him the last and saddest of earthly honors; but not to her, not to his native State, not to the Republic even, but to South America, and to Greece, and to posterity he bequeathed his memory, and the treasure of a bright example.

The lesson is not new. It is as old as history and as universal as our race. It is the lesson which is taught in the lives of great and good men, whose characters have come down to us through the ages, moulding by their silent, but powerful influences, the lives of living men, and teaching all that there is something higher than self, something nobler than fame. It teaches us that our object in life is to do good, and, in its fulfillment, that intellect, grand as its power and sublimity as its mission confessedly is, must, for its perfect triumph, be wedded to a loyal and sympathetic heart.

To be simply great is, at best, a poor ambition. History is full of the lives of men, who have achieved for themselves, either by some peculiar endowment of talent, or sometimes by the mere force of cir-

cumstances, this doubtful and dangerous reputation ; and one we call a great general, another a great statesman, another a great lawyer, and another still—a great rascal. The halo of glory, which “ the safe distance of half a century ” wreathes around an event of the past, too often glimmers with fictitious beauty, and is mellowed by the mild obscurity which that distance only can impart. Thus the muse of history may tell a mutilated story, and while she records brilliant deeds, and hands down to us illustrious names, it is too often to extol the hero but forget the man. Even in the present, we know how natural it is for men to be influenced by intellectual display. We are carried away, willing and delighted captives, by flights of eloquence, and long after the orator has ceased, there linger about his production still, a peculiar charm and power, which all men have felt, but which we cannot describe. It is right that it should be so, for it shows the magnetic power of the human mind, and the grand results it can accomplish when directed towards a noble end.

To become a great orator, in a word, to become great in anything, for the mere sake of greatness, should not be our highest aim in life. We cannot all be orators, all statesmen, all lawyers, all public men in their varied capacities, but we all can and all ought, first of all, to be good citizens and good men. It is as private men that for the most part we must act. Here will lie the sphere of our greatest influence. We grow up in a community, identify ourselves with its interest, mingle with its people, help to shape its progress, help to uphold its laws, to cultivate its tastes, to increase its refinement ; and, to do all this with anything like success, we must educate ourselves for the enjoyments of social life, and for the duties of citizenship. By-and-by, perhaps, we may have to discharge other duties—but they will all of them be the better performed, if we have first fulfilled the duties of a citizen. Many of us, it is true, will leave College to enter actively upon some profession. Politics, law, divinity, medicine open their avenues and invite us to make their study the work of our lives. If we enter upon the career which they open, to be first in our profession, to enjoy the honors of well earned superiority, is a powerful stimulus to active and continued labor ; but we must not rest satisfied even here. We did not lay aside our citizenship nor our individuality when we entered the pulpit or the bar, but their responsibilities have only increased with our progress ; and when we think we have accomplished all that is worth accomplishing in our career, high above the honors of the bar and the rewards of a successful industry, stand the duties of the citizen and the man. These unperformed, all other success is of

comparatively little worth ; these first and always performed, all other success but adds to the dignity and the power of a truly noble life.

Our duties then as citizens, so soon to begin, demand at our hands an earnest and attentive consideration. How shall they be best discharged, is the question we ought to answer. It is moreover a practical question, and one which possesses for us, as students, a peculiar significance. Our advantages, our position as educated men, have of themselves laid new responsibilities upon us. They cannot and ought not to be ignored. Instead of denying what society expects, nay, reasonably demands, and thus giving ourselves up to a selfish enjoyment, our duty is to acknowledge the justice of her claims, and to prepare ourselves for their fulfillment. I do not argue that we have no duties which we owe strictly to ourselves—duties too, which concern no one else, and which ought first of all to be discharged. But I do say, that they all do not end with ourselves ; they extend to society by virtue of the relations men mutually sustain, and by virtue of a common humanity. Moreover, if we throw out of consideration the good we thereby do to others, our individual elevation demands that they should be performed. We are so constituted that, in the very act of benefiting society, we are ourselves improved. Says Guizot, "Man is formed for society. Isolated and solitary, his reason would remain perfectly undeveloped. Against his total defeat for rational development God has provided the social relations. In proportion as these are extended, regulated and perfected, man is softened, ameliorated, cultivated."

Such, then, being the relations we sustain, and the duties we owe to society, it is our business in College, as well as elsewhere, to make such preparation for their fulfillment, as their importance and our own position demand. Of course, our first duty is a thorough education. That is the purpose for which the five hundred of us have made this College our present home. Here are the rare opportunities which the wisdom and experience of a century have provided. The mental vigor and discipline, which a careful study of the course would impart, will be of countless worth ; but that study must not be altogether exclusive. We must, at times, go aside from it, or we will not obtain all the good which it is capable of affording. An unswerving and persevering application to the daily routine of College study, will discipline the mind and develop its powers ; but it is not always unattended with serious evils. We are each day of our lives adding some new thought, and feeling some new influence, which go to make up the unity of our character. They are so hidden and so subtle, that we pass our College life almost unconscious of their power. If, then,

in devoting our energies and our time to the discipline of the course, we neglect, as we are exceedingly likely to do, the cultivation of the other faculties of our being, we will not, after all, have obtained the highest nor the truest education. That will only have been reached, when we shall have properly developed, not only the intellect, but the moral and social faculties of our nature, giving to each a harmonious union with the rest, and thus imparting the highest excellence to all. Said a member of the Faculty, whose character and experience give additional weight to his words, "The capacity of the intellect for great achievements is not separable from the capacity of feeling, but a great intellect is more or less acted upon and animated by strong feeling and determined will. The striking predominance of the intellect over the feelings, or the feelings over the intellect, prevents the growth of both. The whole soul must be educated in all its powers or it cannot be successfully educated in any one of them."

To those, then, who place intellect immeasurably above the other endowments of the mind, this is an argument which they cannot well overlook, for the highest development of the intellect necessitates the development of the rest. Even if no other reason were advanced, this alone is one, which hero-worshippers, and those who make mere brains the idol of their homage, cannot well reject, much less refute with a sneer. But to those who believe that there is something in the social qualities themselves, which beautifies and ennobles character, this argument has a special significance; for it confirms the belief, that what God has given us for our rational enjoyment, is not a matter of such trifling worth as to be almost ignored, or at best, to perform the office of a convenient and humble servitor. To my mind, their value is founded upon and vindicated by higher and juster claims. They are so interwoven with our being and contribute so much to the good of others, as well as to our own enjoyment, that we shall not have performed our highest duty in life, if we neglect the obligations which they have rightly and reasonably enjoined.

With some of us at least our connection with College will soon terminate. With others it will be prolonged a few years more—but for all, a short time, at farthest, will bring the close. If we are to believe the testimony of all mankind and that even of our limited experience, beyond this pleasant four-years home there lies a selfish, battling, heartless world. We have got to live in it. Every possible tendency, almost, is exerted to make men selfish, grasping, hollow-hearted. We have got to fight against them, if we would live happy and successful lives. I call that a successful life, which finds its reward, not in



wealth or honor or fame, but in the elevation of a common humanity, and the triumph of a just cause. In ages past such lives have sometimes been written in tears and blood. Men and devils have banded together to crush them. Dungeons and prison-racks and scaffolds have confronted them; but death alone has conquered. No, death even has not conquered, for above the prison's gloom, above the scaffold's height, above, high above, the faggot's gleam, and the jeers and curses of the mob, has risen a voice divinely sweet and clear,—“a new commandment gave I unto you, that ye *love* one another,” and then, clearer and sweeter still, “inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—That terrible day has past, but its lessons still remain. We are not called upon to be martyrs, but we are called upon, in a humbler sphere, to fulfill the glorious mission of an earnest and a useful life. When, therefore, in his preparation for that life, I see any one, but especially when I see a student, withdrawing from the influences of social intercourse, and shutting up within himself those elements of his nature, which God never gave him to abuse, I think that man mistakes the true objects of an education, and is growing old before his time. Let us rather—by all means let us rather, in the best years of our life, in our youth, filled as it is with the flush of hope and of future promise, give full play to the faculties of the mind and of the soul, cultivate geniality, friendship, and a love for the good; for if so be, that by-and-by our lives may be tinged with sorrow, and disappointment may cast its shadows over us, there may be one period toward which we can turn with a quiet joy, and which, warming our hearts again with the emotions of youth, will teach us, that life is not all a waste, nor friendship all a dream.

I have attempted to justify the claims which the social faculties have upon us, in the formation of character. I have done so because the natural tendency of the College course is to develop the intellect alone. It is proper and necessary that it should be so. But it by no means follows that our sole duty here is to devote all our time and energies to its pursuit, for, with all our study and mental discipline, there is still another obligation to be discharged, which demands at least a recognition of its worth. Discipline of mind and formation of character ought to go hand in hand. While I value a cultivated intellect, I value also a cultivated heart; and when I vindicate, though poorly, the just claims of the latter, let me not again be misunderstood, and charged with offering “a deliberate argument in favor of ‘poor scholarship,’ before an intelligent community, in a classic city of classic New England!”

W. H. F.

### On Joseph Addison.

A century and a half has passed away since a procession of mourners, in which the Tory bishop and the Whig earl walked side by side, moved at dead of night along an aisle of Westminster Abbey, "round the shrine of St. Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets," and left the coffin of Addison in the chapel of Henry the Seventh. For a single moment the contests of the Great Hall were forgotten in the sorrow of the Great Abbey, but the sorrow of the Abbey in its turn was speedily forgotten in the new contests of the Hall. The day was yet far in the future when the death of an English author should awaken a wider and sincerer grief than the death of an English sovereign. The people were still too deeply agitated with anxiety for the security of their laws and their liberties, to linger long round the grave of one whom they knew intimately only through the medium of their literature. Posterity has reversed their decision; and with what keener interest do we turn away from palace and parliament, from the crafty and dissolute Lord Treasurer and the admired and hated Captain General, from the infamous but quick-witted Wharton and the upright but dull-witted Harley, from the eloquent Halifax and the courtly Somers, to that simple christian scholar and gentleman, who received the highest offices with modesty and filled them with integrity, but who is remembered by us, not as Secretary of Ireland or Keeper of the Seals, but as the author of the *Cato* and the oracle of the *Spectator*. So let us turn to him, not to *criticise* either his character or his writings, not to enumerate his errors or ferret out his faults, not to inquire if his criticisms were always just or his philosophy always profound, if he never called names or drank too much sherry; but as, near the beginning of the last century, we might have stepped in, for a moment after the play, from Covent Garden to Button's, where he was sitting over his coffee and talking with Steele or Craggs or Swift, have seated ourselves noiselessly and taken up the Postman, lest he should notice our presence and grow embarrassed and silent, and so have listened to that charmed conversation which Steele says "was Terence and Catullus in one, but heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Catullus nor Terence, but Addison alone."

It would be difficult to name another celebrated writer who stood, in

his own day and among his own countrymen, precisely where Addison stood. The center of the most brilliant literary circle which could be gathered in the metropolis, in what has been called its Augustan age; the friend of Budgell and Philipps, of Tickell and Steele, who scarcely knew whether they most admired his genius or loved his character; whose opinion was as eagerly asked by the critics at Wills's and the parsons at Childs's, by the politicians at St. James's and the philosophers at the Grecian, as by the more favored circle which met him nightly at Button's and the Kit-Cat; who won the honest praise of Pope, whilst the snarling poet hated him as a rival, and of Swift, whilst the Tory dean hated him as a Whig; who was commended even by Boileau for Latin verses which he pronounced worthy of Vida and Sannazario, if not of Horace and Virgil, and complimented even by the Cynic of Bolt Court in a sentence which has passed into a proverb;—we certainly can point to few writers who have enjoyed among their contemporaries a wider, and to none who have enjoyed a more enviable popularity.

There are two men, however, of world-wide celebrity, the most illustrious Englishman of the generation that was going out and the most illustrious Englishman of the generation that was coming in, over whose names for a moment we may pause.

Dryden had just died. He had been Poet Laureate with a royal pension of a hundred pounds a year. He had sat as "autocrat of letters and oracle of the literary clubs." He had been pronounced by his own generation the first among living English poets. Yet Dryden went down to his grave hated by all sincere Whigs and detested by all honest men. He had degraded those splendid abilities which have placed him above Cowley, above Prior, above Pope, by vile satires upon virtue and wretched lampoons upon religion. For the paltry pittance of his annuity he had quitted the Church of England and entered the Church of Rome. For the equally paltry pittance of his popularity he had spent a long life in pandering to the vile and fawning on the great. From the pit of Drury Lane Theater to the throne of St. James's, there was no grade of London society which he had not insulted with his mendicancy and his adulation.

Ten years before Addison died, Johnson was born. A great man he certainly was. No one will grudge so cheap an epithet to one who fought his way up with his pen, against fortune, from the deep degradation of a daily drudge who slept in a garret and ate in a cellar, into the society of writers like Robertson and Churchill, like Adam Smith and Sir William Jones; to be praised by Richardson and courted by

Chesterfield, and to be acknowledged as the head of that celebrated club which numbered among its members Goldsmith and Gibbon and Burke. But the popularity of Johnson was, after all,—if we may borrow a word from the newspapers—rather the *run* of a great intellectual monstrosity than the quick, sympathetic admiration of a finely poised and symmetrical mind. Men looked, with sentiments not very different from those with which the Lilliputians are said to have contemplated Gulliver and the original Mexicans to have regarded the cavalry of Cortez, on the author who could write the life of Savage within a fortnight and *Rasselas* within a week; who dared to publish a Dictionary without a dedication, and who sustained unassisted a series of essays which even threatened to eclipse the *Spectator*; who rolled across Streatham Park tapping the posts as he passed and muttering like an idiot; who did not hesitate to tell Garrick that “he didn’t know what a fool he was making of himself by repeating that story,” and Burke that “he didn’t see his way through the question.”

The popularity of Addison was different from the popularity either of Dryden or of Johnson. Unlike that of the former, it was unsolicited; unlike that of the latter, it was uninterrupted; unlike that of both, it was universal. If we except Steele, who was unhappily alienated during his later years from his old school-fellow of the Charter House, and Pope, who hated him because he envied him, and maligned him because he hated him, we do not find that his name was ever mentioned but with esteem and affection, by the wits who had hung upon his lips at the Coffee houses, by the nobles who had applauded his *Cato* at Drury Lane Theater, by the gownsmen who had turned with delight the pages of his *Treatise on Medals* and his Latin poems at Oxford, or by the squires who had grown merry or sad over his *Spectators*, in every borough from Cornwall to Northumberland.

It was perhaps to be expected that a revulsion of feeling would follow this unmixed admiration; that when the well-known face had disappeared from Russell Street and Shire Lane, the popular feeling towards him would vibrate as far in the opposite direction. And we cannot but admit that this, in some degree at least, has been the case; that whilst men of letters still linger over the pages where the England of Queen Anne is so exquisitely painted—still love to repeat the morning walk with Sir Roger in Spring Gardens, with the glass of Burton ale and the slice of hung beef at the end, and to read for the thousandth time the pathetic letter of Ed. Biscuit which tells the sad story of the old knight’s death—even the *Spectator* has lost its hold on the hearts of the people, whilst the *Cato* has virtually come to be

regarded merely as a collection of stately and eloquent orations, threaded on a narrative, a Thucydides in verse.

That the popularity of the *Cato* should have sensibly declined is far from strange, and many reasons might be assigned to account for it. We must content ourselves with barely stating two.

The first may be found in the complete revolution which has taken place in the character of the English drama and in the public taste which governs it. That Addison's tragedy, whatever may be its faults, is immeasurably superior as a work of art to the overwrought passion and vapid sentiment which night after night crowd Burton's and Wallack's, no one can well deny; but even if its heavy declamation were lightened and its long discourses abridged, if its pathos were intensified and Booth himself upon the boards, yet we hazard little in the assertion that no shrewd manager could be induced to bring it out. It would still be a drug in the book-seller's stalls. For even then Addison would be but an imperfect servant of the greatest of masters, and here the master himself has failed. It is a reproach on the times, and yet it is true, that Shakespeare himself can not run against Bourcicault, that Hamlet is empty whilst the Octoroon is packed, that the Merchant of Venice must be withdrawn to make room for the American Cousin. Indeed we may sum up the experience of our day in the single sentence, "the success of your play is in inverse ratio to its excellence;" so that if the *Cato* were a masterpiece, which it certainly is not, the case would be more hopeless still.

In the second place, it is more than probable that the *Cato* was overestimated at the time when it first appeared. It was with great reluctance, as every reader knows, that its author was induced to hazard a representation, against the very earnest advice of not a few of his friends, and among them of Pope. The success of its first presentation is well known—how an obscure and farfetched analogy, never thought of till after the play had been written, was instantly seized; how the Whigs applauded because it hit the Tories and the Tories because it hit Marlborough, till its triumph was assured and complete. This incident appears laughably absurd to us now, yet it is beyond question that the *Cato* owed very much of its popularity to this incident alone.

But it is not upon the *Cato*, nor in fact upon any of his poetical writings, that even the most ardent admirers of Addison have in any considerable degree sought to rest his fame. He is scarcely better known to us as a poet than as a statesman, and as a statesman he is scarcely known to us at all. And yet it is doubtful if even the name

of Boswell is more intimately associated with the memoirs of Johnson, than the name of Addison with that series of periodical essays, of which, though not the originator, he was always the soul, which Johnson himself did not scruple to imitate a few years later in the Rambler and the Idler, and which continued for nearly two years, to charm with their mingled humor and wit, with the kindly keenness of their satire and the classic beauty of their style, every literary coterie from the Thames to the Tweed. Nor is the *character* of Boswell more perfectly preserved to us in his life of his master than the character of Addison in the same memorable papers. As we bend over them the walls of the club-room, like the magician's tent in the Arabian tale, seem to push out on every side, across a thousand leagues of ocean, across a hundred and fifty years. We seem to be sitting in the fortunate circle at the Kit-Cat, round that slight and graceful form which we know so well and love so dearly, to see the placid features lighted up with their own peculiar smile and to hear the gentle voice whose tones enchant us like a spell. A mind so original and so natively genial must of necessity leave its impress on his writings, and even if in his introductory sketch of the Spectator he had not unconsciously painted himself, some at least of the qualities which he there acknowledges might have been discovered with little difficulty in the subsequent papers. We do not need to be reminded in the taciturn philosopher who, during a residence of eight years at the University, "scarcely uttered the quantity of a hundred words, and who could not remember that he ever spoke three sentences together in his whole life," of the retiring modesty of the illustrious author to whom the philosopher himself owes all his immortality. For there is not a page in his writings which does not borrow from this beautiful trait something of its peculiar charm. Nor did it less pervade and beautify his conversation, when he shrank from dinner parties and crowded companies, to sit down apart with some congenial acquaintance and, as he himself expressed it, "think aloud." It rendered him not less cautious in the advancement of his opinions than timid in the publication of his works. We look in vain in his most elaborate articles, in the criticisms of Milton and the celebrated papers on the Pleasures of the Imagination, for anything of the determined dogmatism and the confident assurance, which mark the writings as well as the life of Johnson.

In graceful and delicate humor and wit, Addison was inferior to none of his contemporaries. Indeed Macaulay has pronounced him superior to them all. And surely in nothing else does the Spectator evince more clearly its distinguished pre-eminence over the Tatler, to

which he contributed but rarely, and the Englishman, to which he did not contribute at all, on the one hand, and over the Rambler and the Idler on the other. His humor is not the reckless merriment of the mountebank, but the occasional playfulness of the serious man—as genial round the Yule log on a Christmas eve, as on the pages where it sparkles and foams for all time. His satire is not the snarl of the misanthropist, but the affectionate reproof of the lover of mankind; it is sharp but not barbed. The delicate irony with which he ridicules the popular fancies and follies of the day—making the small wit ashamed of his pun and the fine lady of her party patch—making merry to-day over a commode eighteen inches in height and to-morrow over a hoop almost large enough to fill a pew—reminds us of nothing so vividly as of those elegant satires in which Horace raised his voice in vain against the vices and corruptions of the last days of the Roman Republic.

But not in wit nor in humor, in satire nor criticism, lies that which is to us the one inestimable charm of the Spectator. The critical papers, far they were in advance of their own times, are almost commonplace in ours. The satirical papers have done their work. There may be times, rare indeed, but possible to all of us, when the *gayer* society of the club-room becomes dull. Even Sir Andrew Freeport may sometimes grow tedious and Will Honeycomb may talk too long. But no such dimness is on those bright pages which introduce us to the old Worcestershire baronet, with his cheerful temper and his large heart, with his delicious self-complacency and his rare humanity; to the landlord who “stands up at church when everybody else is upon his knees to count the congregation and see if any of his tenants are missing,” and to the Justice who settles the disputes that are referred to him by gravely announcing that “much might be said upon both sides.”

In his portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends—the venerable chaplain who was better acquainted with backgammon than with Greek, and the entertaining game keeper who “made a May-fly to a miracle and furnished the whole country with angle rods”—Addison discloses some of the finest qualities of his mind and some of the purest instincts of his character. The scenes in which they are severally introduced to us—the visit of the Spectator to Coverley Hall, the parish church and the assizes, of Sir Roger to Spring Gardens, the abbey and the theater—are not singular nor striking. They are such as doubtless occurred every day to some two actual Englishmen, at the beginning of the last century. For it is on these pages as on

no others that the England of Queen Anne lives again. And yet our minds instinctively attest the truth of the judgment which Macaulay has pronounced, that "while such events can hardly be said to form a plot, yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal." Nor are we prepared to quarrel with Horace Walpole for saying that since Falstaff, there is nothing in literature to rival Sir Roger de Coverley.

We have spoken of the Spectator as Addison; nor could we do otherwise without reversing the verdict of five generations. We have somewhere seen a wise remark of Dr. Johnson, that "while Addison wrote half the Spectator and there was all England to write the other half, yet not half of this other half is good." Of Steele, in particular, it is undoubtedly true that he was a writer of eminent ability, purer than Dryden, wittier than Congreve; nay, the distance is probably not greater between Addison and Steele, than between Steele and every other essayist of his time. But from the public voice to private judgment there is no appeal, and the public voice, in unmistakable tones, has assigned to Addison all the glory of their common work.

It is probable that this glory is heightened by the novelty of the enterprise, and by the skill with which it met the wants and rebuked the vices of the times. The Tatler was an experiment. It only discovered or at most it only partially explored the broad field of which the Spectator took immediate and full possession. The task which confronted the new periodical was indeed disheartening. It found society rotten in its corruption, and it undertook with the principles of a more than human morality to lift and restore it. It found literature loathsome with the trail of Wycherly and Swift, and it sought to purify that literature itself and the corrupt taste of the community that clamored for and applauded it. And it is not too much to say that it accomplished both. For underneath the learning of Addison, underneath his refinement and his literary culture, there lay an earnest christian purpose. If he brought again to light the beauties which age had covered up in the old English ballads, he brought to light also the strong love of virtue, which licentiousness had covered up in English hearts. He taught the sneering courtier that it was possible to be a christian without ceasing to be a gentleman, and the frowning Puritan that it was possible to be a gentleman without ceasing to be a christian. Though among the first wits and not the last satirists of his day, he never employed his wit to ridicule morality or his satire to



caricature the Church. But that deep religious fervor which made his death so memorable, is equally manifest in all his writings; not less in his wittiest rebukes of the foibles and vices of court and people, than in the religious meditations of Saturday morning, which Macaulay assures us will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is now a hundred and fifty years since, in that venerable mansion, still standing in the midst of London, whose ancient turrets and carved and gilded chambers carry us back to the days of William and the Revolution, of Cromwell and the Long Parliament, the "gentle pen" of the brilliant essayist was laid aside and the loving heart of the christian philanthropist grew still. Within this period many new names have arisen and many revolutions have occurred in the world of letters. The Times has taken the place of the Spectator beside the coffee on the breakfast table of Milord, and Pickwick has almost driven Sir Roger from the stage. But when we look back over the long line of illustrious authors who, since the reign of Elizabeth, have carried the literature of England to a more than Roman, a more than Grecian fame, we may find greater orators and scholars, greater poets and satirists, many whose works are more widely read, a few whose memories are more widely cherished, than his, whose literary career we have been reviewing; but in all that splendid company we shall look in vain for one in whom the candid critic has found so much to praise and the malignant critic so little to condemn, who has effected a more complete and permanent reform in literature and in morals, and who has left to posterity a more faultless example, a more enduring memory, or a more stainless name.

E. B. C.

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### Dream-Doomed.

A maid upon the lonely beach,  
All in the silent, summer day,  
With wide blue eyes fixed far away,  
And small hands clinging each to each.

All day she wanders by the sea;—  
What are the ways of men to her,  
Whose soul is busy with the stir  
Of never-resting memory?

For there had glanced a passing gleam  
Of love all hopeless on her way,  
And life's up-springing April day  
God's hand had darkened with a dream.

The mist floats on the desert's face,  
And lake and isle all lustrous moulds,—  
But when withdrawn its billowy folds,  
How bare and desolate the place!

Why should she live? The life above  
Can scarce be sadder than her own;  
But shall she die? For death alone  
Can still the fluttering wing of love.

When darkness on the ocean hangs,  
She hears the loud surf tumbling in,  
The loose stones jostling with a din  
Like wild beast clashing to his fangs.

Under the leaden morning sky,  
She sees from off the toppling comb  
The mad wind snatching flecks of foam  
To whirl them wildly drifting by.

And when, as daylight disappears,  
The large moon upward moveth slow,  
It seems to waver, shrink and grow,  
Trembling through such a mist of tears.

But when the evening zephyrs blow  
A music borne from off the sea,  
She mingles with the melody  
A plaintive song, all soft and low.

Calmly the night comes down on all the land,  
Faintly the twilight glimmers o'er the sea,  
Sadly the lingering ripples kiss the sand,  
So sad I pace the beach and wait for thee.

Soft steal the muffled inland echoes here,  
A sound of church-bells trembles on the lea,—  
So softly, muffled memories meet the ear,  
And seem to mock me as I wait for thee.

Solemnly still the great, calm stars glow on,  
And all the broad fair heaven leans silently,  
While slumberous Ocean's undulous undertone  
Still whispers with me as I wait for thee.

Upon the strand where life's loud surges beat,  
My footsteps follow where my hope must be;  
The dull, long days and nights break at my feet—  
Must I forever, weeping, wait for thee?

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Low lowers the dull-eyed winter's day—  
A sullen sky the ocean mocks;  
The surf beats bitterly the rocks,  
Which wintry years have worn away.

Chafing within its cragged cage,  
The wave again and still again  
Leaps fiercely up its length of chain,  
To fall back foaming in its rage.

On the wet sands, with elfish hair,  
And faded fingers tightly clenched,  
And vest whose folds, all weather-drenched,  
Leave half her haggard bosom bare,

She stands amid the spray, alone.  
O heavy heart! that all thy years  
Hast held one image dim with tears,  
And watched it while it turned to stone.

So wretched stands she staring there,  
As if the desert and the storm  
And bitter wind had taken form,  
And frozen into that despair.

And looking on them thus I seem  
To understand the life undone,  
The life-long wretchedness of one  
Whose youth was withered with a dream.

E. R. S.

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### Prize Debates.

WE have chosen to place the following thoughts under the title above, not because it fully covers the ground we design to tread, but because it will furnish a convenient name for our article and indicate the topic to which we wish especially to direct attention. It is the writer's desire

to speak a few sincere and earnest words to his neighbors and friends in College, touching the interests of our two Public Societies, and particularly the system of Prize Debates connected with these Societies.

We are very far from joining the present popular outcry against our Public Literary Societies, or from admitting the utter desperation and abandonment of their present condition, and still farther from trusting the diagnosis so flippantly put forth by sundry *quasi* members whose sole evidence of membership is most likely to be found in the records of the admission of Freshmen, two, three, or four years since. There are some amongst us, who, setting aside the tests of reason and experience, gravely assert that if our Linonia and Brothers "are not actually dead, they ought to be."\* It will not seem strange that those who utter this dictum should attempt to demonstrate their wisdom by showing the "physical impossibility," that two hundred and fifty men should speak in one evening! As if this were, or any one claimed it to be, a condition of the vigorous and successful existence of our Public Societies. It is as manifestly undesirable as impossible, that all, or nearly all the members of the Societies should make speeches on every evening they meet. It is a prime fallacy to suppose that such is the intent, or that such is the only discipline which the debates afford. The proper and legitimate aim of those who frequent these and similar Societies, no doubt is, to cultivate and acquire skill in public speaking. But is this to be sought only by speaking in *every* debate of the year? Is the atmosphere and *genius* of a great Debating Society's hall worth nothing to the student of oratory? Is it time wasted to sit with closed lips and study the salient points or the defects of another's speaking? Silence, thoughtful, long-continued silence is not seldom the period of deepest and truest discipline. Fisher Ames, that model of the public debater, speaking of a Club to which he was attached in his youth, says, "I never spoke three consecutive minutes in this Club, but its presence and example discovered and fostered in me, beyond all other influences, the passion for public speaking."

No student could afford to speak in every debate, if he were seeking to gain the highest proficiency in public speaking. It would not be in his power to make such preparation, to turn over and ponder his theme with such care and fullness as to make his public utterance valuable to himself or his associates. It is the height of mental cruelty and dissipation to make, or to attempt to make a speech when one has

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\* See Yale Lit. Mag. for Oct, 1860, Art. on "Linonia and Brothers."

no basis of accurate knowledge and familiarity with the question. We are very willing to endorse the remark on which the author of a recent article in this Magazine animadverted, that "every man ought to go up to every meeting and take part in the debate;" but that "*part*," for his own best discipline, should not infrequently be a silent one. Let him lend the inspiration and incentive of his own presence and interested attention to the debate, and he cannot fail to be quickened and assisted in his own earnest aims. The sacred rule will be reversed for him, and he shall know that here, at least, it is sometimes "more blessed to *receive* than to give."

He most truly "takes part" in debate, who only sits and listens. It is a part which must not be unperformed by him who would train himself most efficiently; a part due alike to one's self and one's companions in debate. True, it implies a constant and unremitted interest in the objects of debate. This is precisely the claim we make upon all students,—that they should be earnest and active in securing the peculiar intellectual growth and strength which Debating Societies afford, and which all men, whatever their aims or lots in life, should possess. It is a part of the preliminary training of a complete education. Like many of the studies of the College course, a genuine Debating Society will engender and confirm habits of mind and thought, whose value cannot be depreciated by any circumstances of subsequent life. We may never be public speakers on the most limited scale, but the mental habits and methods which these Societies promote, are potent alike in all callings, all walks of life. It is our conviction, therefore, that there *is* a demand for such Societies as "Linonia" and the "Brothers" were designed to be; a demand which all true scholars will recognize; a demand which will always continue, whilst man shall wisely seek the fullest development of head and heart.

Let us next consider a moment what relation our Public Societies sustain to this demand. Do they meet it adequately? Or rather do we, as wise students, come up to the measure of our duty and opportunity in these Societies? We are frank to say, that we do not think our community is properly alive to its own interests in this regard. We think our Yale culture wants, for its symmetry and completeness, just those qualities which Debating Societies secure. Not that we want more stump-oratory, more public speaking of any kind in the world outside us. No; but we do want more of that manly, stalwart, and, so to speak, *muscular* style of culture. Our literary standard will degenerate, if it has not already, into dilletanteism, without a fresh infusion of that robust manliness of intellect, that chivalric, al-

most pugilistic style of mind so nobly illustrated in Milton, Dr. Johnson, Victor Hugo, or our own elder Quincy.

We sit in our rooms, smoking our meerschaums, and lazily talk over the "Mill on the Floss," or the "Idyls of the King," and think it almost vulgar and wanting in *literary taste*, to have any knowledge or opinions of the grand and stirring issues of *actual* life, past or present. Now this is not the full, strong, hearty culture, the times and all times demand. We need, not less of the purely *literary*, so called, but more, far more, of the study of great questions and principles which move the world of living men. We need, above all, more of sturdy investigation, more of "the strong muscle and hard nerve," which enter into every great character. We need to come out oftener as inquirers, into "the world of agencies, actors and actions," where everything is under motion and, in the phrase of Bacon, all "resounds like the mines." For, the masterpieces of every Literature are the offspring of a severer, more masculine culture, the works of "the Herculeases and not the Adonises of Literature." The strong, the simple, the heroic, the grand in Literature or Life, do not derive their chief nutriment from tobacco-smoke and novel-reading. These betoken a luxurious mind and a predominantly æsthetic culture.

Now, it seems to us clear, that the most efficient agency which we can oppose to this tendency (mark, we do not say *state*, only *tendency*,) of the popular mind amongst us, is to revive and cherish, as an indispensable part of our culture and discipline, an abiding and vigorous love for debating in our Public Societies. Let it not be true amongst us, that a man gets more reputation by displaying familiarity with the Pickwick papers than with the great French question, which separated Burke and Fox with the tales of Currer Bell than with the prose works of Milton. The standard that results in this, is false, degrading, enervating. In the sharp conflict of the debate, in the flash and glow of the mental fray, this effeminate softness must be put away, and the strong armor of fact, argument, principle, history, logic, must be put on. Who shall question the value, the indispensableness of such training, in compacting and harmonizing into true proportions the mental man? This shall give "the tough core, the hard kernel" of intellectual character, and over and around these we will cast the grace and polish of æsthetic culture.

Our complaint, our criticism is, that too few seize upon the opportunities which are in their reach at Yale, for hardening and expanding the mental frame. Our ideal of College discipline is—every man faithful in the Recitation-room, faithful in the Public Society's hall,

faithful in his private *literary* culture. None of these may be safely neglected, none cultivated to the exclusion or neglect of another, without permanent, irreparable loss; without making each one of us something less than God meant him to be. Nor is there any "physical impossibility" involved in this plan. There is the fullest, amplest, grandest possibility, nay, opportunity for all this. Where is the noble, generous, literary enthusiasm, whose "vital breath and native air," should be around these time-worn walls and beneath these dear old trees at Yale? Say not, the "golden age" is fled and forever; but let us grasp the forces that await our use, and Astræa will return to her *home* amongst us. If we could set ourselves down amongst the actors in the grand dramas of our Past, we should discover only a little handful of earnest, thoughtful, hard-working students, very like some among us, who had the stretch of vision to see that the culture of the Public Societies must make up a part of their full and sufficient discipline. Ten, twenty, thirty, as the times changed, they met; they debated; the halls rang with the voices of the combatants at the mental tournament. They went forth to meet the world, armed at all points; they strode to the high places of power; they were Kings amongst men. That is the simple story. *We* may repeat it.

We have now a few observations to make upon the relations which our system of Prize Debates, sustains to the Public Societies. This subject has been much canvassed of late in our community, and we have been not a little surprised and chagrined to notice the opinions which are held by a considerable number amongst us. We are told that, as a matter of fact, the rise of Prize Debates was the fall of the regular weekly debates. We are told that Prize men, getting their fill of oratorical reputation by a single strong effort, are content to neglect the Societies during the rest of the year. We are told that the style of effort which is successful in our Prize Debates is actually inimical to success and readiness in the ordinary debate. We deem all these allegations of fact or opinion, unfounded and mistaken. We think that only a little inquiry is needed to show an unprejudiced mind that the introduction of Prize Debates, in point of fact, did not mark, much less occasion, a decline in the regular debates. The testimony of those who were active in our Public Societies during the six years succeeding the establishment of Prize Debates, points to the conclusion, that they have realized the aim and hope of their founders—the promotion of interest and skill in public debating. It is our belief, founded on diligent and extensive inquiry, that no influence has been so efficient in overcoming obstacles and keeping alive, at least, some

sparks of the manly and generous spirit and passion of public debate. Against the influence of our present effeminate standard of literary culture, of the higher and severer requirements of the College course, of the exhausting and distracting efforts of the annual campaigns for new members, of the absorbing and universal devotion to our Class Societies, the system of Prize Debates has sufficed to retain and pass down to us at least the instruments, the opportunity of a better and manlier discipline. Without them, it may well be doubted whether "Linonia" and the "Brothers" would have a *name* and *place* even in our University.

Nor is this result and influence other than we might look for, from the very nature of Prize Debates. They are adapted to awaken and confirm an interest in the objects of our Societies. They furnish the strongest incentive, the keenest stimulus to diligence and care in the ordinary debates. They demand, for success, the precise discipline which the weekly debates will give; a discipline which cannot be found elsewhere in the whole circle of our advantages. Neither does one success in a Prize Debate allow the student to relax his efforts and retire, *salva fama*. Far from it. Every absence from the weekly debate, diminishes his chances of success in the next encounter, wherein his reputation is again to be put to the test. The pressure is upon him at all times; he "sees a hand," and "hears a voice," which other men do not, which will not let him be idle or neglectful. It is true, that occasionally a Prize man will neglect his Society, but he does it always at his peril, and rarely with impunity. *As a rule*, Prize men cannot safely, and hence do not neglect the discipline of the weekly debates.

There is, nevertheless, a "physical impossibility," which actually and patently stands in the way of our best discipline in the Public Societies. It is curious, moreover, to observe how carefully and constantly we seek, both in our reflections and discussions upon this subject, to shift the responsibility of injury to the Public Societies, from its real and palpable source. We are shrewd to detect a "physical impossibility," which has no connection with the present inefficiency of the Societies, whilst we entirely overlook and ignore the actual "physical impossibility," which the swarm of Class Societies presents. Students cannot do everything. The performance of some duties or tasks, compels the omission of others. It is physically impossible that we should give *all* the time at our command to Class Societies, and still find time and interest to engage with ardor and profit in the Public Societies. The best talent of College is constantly enlisted in



support of the Class Societies, and the result which we see is natural and unavoidable. The Public Societies "go a-begging," whilst the Class Societies "wax fat and kick." If some merciful dispensation should raze out every Class Society at Yale, and remove the incubus of their presence, we might hope to realize amongst us a hitherto unknown depth, richness and compass of discipline and culture.

We wish, in conclusion, to state the chief ground upon which our own estimate and support of Prize Debates rest. It is not, then, because they are calculated and adapted to increase the interest in the weekly debates, nor because they actually have done this, that we chiefly value them. These considerations would indeed entitle them to our warmest gratitude and support, but there are, to our mind, far weightier reasons. It is the Prize Debate *per se*, the Prize Debate *in proprio vigore*, which we value most of all. It is because it furnishes of itself a style of discipline so peculiar and invaluable, that we would cherish the system. It is not mainly as the assistant, but as the complement of the weekly debate, that the Prize Debate derives its value. It calls for an essentially higher, fuller and stronger effort. It resembles far more closely the actual conflicts of after-life, at the Bar, in the Pulpit, the Senate, and all the various arenas of American public life. It furnishes the incentive and occasion for an exertion which does more to arouse, vivify and enlarge the student's powers of mind, than almost any other discipline of his course. Look a moment at its requirements. In the first place, it brings the student to a higher umpirage than he finds in the weekly debate, to pass upon his effort. He speaks now to men of learning, experience, sagacity. Sophistry will not deceive them; bombast will not please them; flattery will not warp them. Is this true of those who are his judges in the weekly debate? Again, he is limited to a brief space of time and to a single effort. Condensation of style and thought, which he is apt to disregard in the weekly debate, is now the *sine qua non*. He must make his argument complete, but he must confine himself to the brief space allotted. He must canvass the whole theme, look at it from all points, view it under all lights. His object now is, not as usually in the weekly debate, merely to make a good speech; he must make a complete and exhaustive argument. He cannot now, as in the weekly debate, trust to a second opportunity, to dispose of objections and meet counter-arguments. As in the actual conflicts of after-life, he must discharge his whole fire in one volley and retire. The utmost caution in statement and refutation, the utmost care in style and delivery, are imperatively demanded.

One such thorough, laborious, exhaustive effort, gives more discipline, trains and evolves the powers of mind more completely, secures more real skill and confidence in debate, than any and all the other exercises of our Public or Class Societies. For the sake of such training, such discipline, we might well afford, were it necessary, to sacrifice a very large part of the advantages of the weekly debates. Happily, however, experience has confirmed what reason taught,—that the weekly debate and the Prize Debate are the complements of one whole, mutually dependent, mutually helpful; the former inducing readiness, facility, dexterity in argument; the latter promoting accuracy, depth, completeness.

D. H. C.

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### Discontent.

WE are told that a prophet, when the gourd which shadowed him from the sun had withered, uttered the words, "It is better for me to die than to live." We may smile in our wisdom at the idea of any one desiring to depart from life for so slight a cause; yet, if we examine our past histories, if we look carefully into our hearts, how often will we find, that this wish has arisen in our breasts and trembled on our lips, for reasons as insignificant as the loss of a shade-tree! There is no need of the queries of a Horace, or the chaste lamentations of an Addison, to teach us that too many have

"Eyes to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint."

The eager hopes and longings of youth, the fierce rivalries of manhood, the remorse and despair which so frequently accompany age, show us more plainly than any poet or essayist can picture it, that no period or condition of life is free from that spirit, which has the power to change a paradise into a purgatory—the spirit of discontent.

That this feeling of dissatisfaction is universal, our personal observation, however slight it may be, will abundantly testify. The deep, tragic sorrows that stir the soul, that cloud the heart, and cover up the world in a shroud, though different in form, are of equal force in the extremes of condition. The proud owners of a castle do not bend in more overwhelmed prostration, when the son of their affections and

the heir of their splendor is taken to his narrow house, than do the lowly couple of a cottage, when the green sod is laid upon what remains of him, who was the light of their hearts, the pride of their life, the staff of their age. The Ettrick Shepherd, in that simple ballad, "Cauld is the blast," makes the grief of the poor peasant's widow no less poignant, than that of the Macleod of Geanies; and in so doing, exhibits his acquaintance with human nature.

Now sorrow generally brings with it discontent, and as there are none whom sorrow does not sooner or later overtake, so I think there have been few, if any, who have enjoyed a really contented life. History, indeed, tells of *one* Diogenes, yet I imagine that even that cynic's seeming contentment arose from an *excess* of discontent. He requested the great conqueror to allow him the sunlight—the freest of nature's gifts—not because *that* would satisfy the cravings of his soul, but because, weary of life and disgusted with the world, he saw nothing on earth worth asking for.

Now, it may be asked, what is the origin of this principle, which is so universal—which has displayed itself in every period of the world's history, in every stage of human progress? It seems to me, that much of our discontent may be traced to a doubly false estimate of life. We underrate our own position in it: we overrate the position of others. From this false estimate spring corresponding false contrasts and desires. The man of bodily labor, longs for mental labor; and contrasted with his own condition, he thinks it one of perfect ease. And yet, with this wish much is often connected, which is strange and inconsistent. You will sometimes hear a man, whose toil is physical, speak with emphasis of the comparative idlenees which his fellow enjoys, whose avocation is intellectual. Yet the man who thus envies the scholar's indolence, finds it a painful task to write a simple letter on the plainest incidents of domestic life; not because he wants the ability or intelligence, but because the use of his mind in this way is unfamiliar to him. The farmer contrasts his position falsely with that of the scholar, by looking from his own muscular exertion to the scholar's muscular repose. But he heeds not the paleness of the student's cheek, or the glisten of his eye, which shows that his retreat has been no fair Elysian bower. He reflects not upon the anxieties, the fears, the leaden hours of prolonged exertion, which the library door shuts in.

The man of private life desires the distinction of public office, but he thinks of its power, separate from its toils; of its splendor, separate from its dangers; of the glory of success, separate from the

shame of defeat; of the brilliancy of its outward show, apart from the gnawings of its concealed vexations. He sees not those agitated hours, which are hidden from the world: he beholds, in a word, the Lumley Ferrers of the drawing-room and the parliament house, and forgets how this embryo premier appears when alone. Our country would not, I believe, be so overrun with demagogues, if the young men who think of engaging in politics would only consider, that to widen a man's relations is frequently to multiply his enemies; that to place him a state, which many desire to obtain, is to place him in a position which many will endeavor to embarrass; which many will seek to render miserable; that it is to place him in a position exposed to envy, jealousy, misrepresentation and strife; and that all the torments will haunt it, which it is in the power of ambitious rivalry or disappointed competition to invoke.

These things, I presume, have been said hundreds of times before, and will in all probability be said as often hereafter. They may be truisms, but life is also a truism; for, though it changes in many respects as man grows older in history, yet, in its essentials, life is but the repetition of itself. I am aware, however, that there are many whose discontent does not arise from the cause I have mentioned—a false estimate of life—but whose enthusiasm has been dampened, and interest in life weakened, or perchance utterly destroyed, by failure or ill success. A man may see his fortune moulder, and this is not without sore affliction. In our condition of society, say what we may, poverty is not only a misfortune, it is a great and serious evil. It requires a stout heart to bear it manfully, a believing heart to bear it meekly. And many a one could bear it both manfully and meekly if he had only to bear it alone. But this is rarely the case. Sorrows do not come alone, and a man seldom endures a misfortune which does not likewise affect others. To the utmost verge of the space a man occupies in life, his adversity will surround him with fellow-sufferers, and there will be those who press near his heart, and whose silent looks are worse to him than tortures. When a *human* being beholds the fabric of his exertions leveled, in which he has treasured many expectations; when he sees the object for which he has labored and lived, snatched from him by the cruel hand of fate, just as he is about to grasp it; when all the future appears dark and gloomy, without even a ray of hope to illumine it—however the happy may wonder, however the wise may rebuke, however religion may condemn or virtue forbid it, *human* nature will triumph, and the pilgrim will too often long for the quiet of the grave. But this is not the worst. The loss

of this world's goods will doubtless fall heavily on the spirit, but the wound, though deep, is seldom incurable. For a while the mind may be uneasy in its change of position, but it will at last accommodate itself to circumstances. There is a worm more destructive than that which consumes our health or property—the worm of insatiable passion. Desire that once passes the moderation of nature, is disease; it is worse than any ordinary illness, because it is in the mind. It becomes an inward and rooted malady. A man is thus a victim to his own best advantages. His intellect, active only for transient sensations, finds stability in nothing, because his interest is in nothing which has truth or stability. Calm pleasures he cannot even feel, for upon his languid sensibilities they have no effect. Common virtues are to his stimulated imagination only dull proprieties—things that only befit the unideal, but have no grandeur for souls that have a capacity for more lofty soaring. Quiet feelings of esteem, that seek not fine words, but content themselves with kindly deeds—friendship, that assumes not to be either poetic or passionate, but is satisfied to show itself in homely fidelity, cannot allay the cravings of his morbid fancies and desires.

Such is the character of those persons who assert that they have lost all interest in life. If this be true, it is their own fault, for life is ever rich in interest. Everywhere we see sights and hear sounds that give us pleasure. The tree, the flower, the rock which the most barren country is not without, are things to stir a heart which is not dead to natural sensibility. Even in the filthiest city lane, the abode of misery and crime, you may look upward and there behold the sublime and overhanging sky. But in that filthiest lane, there will be objects in reach of hand which far excel in interest the arched sky,

“With the beauty of its starlight and the glory of its sun.”

Take the ragged boy, who wishes to black your boots; wash his face, and look into his eyes, and there—soiled and neglected though it be—you will have the image of Him who kindled the sun and built up the dome of the heavens.

There is one kind of dissatisfaction, however, which I would not deprecate. It is that which the great minds of an age experience, when they behold the human race checked, in its onward march, by the preponderance of a false principle or doctrine. As a distinguished modern writer has well remarked, “There are men, to whom the spectacle of society in a state of anarchy or immobility is revolting, and almost unbearable; it occasions them an intellectual shudder, as a thing that ought not to be; they feel an unconquerable desire to

change it, to restore order; to introduce something general, regular, and permanent, into the world, which is placed before them." Yet, even such men, if they would succeed in their object, must be careful not to let their discontent get the better of their prudence—they must have the patience to wait until the corn is ripe before they apply the sickle.

It is often said, (and by men who have lived long enough to know,) that there is no such thing as happiness in this world. I rejoice that I have not yet become a convert to this belief. We cannot enjoy *here* that perfect bliss, which we hope for in the mysterious *hereafter*; yet I have frequently thought, that if men and societies—instead of the high-flown and unmeaning mottoes which they now so often choose—would select some such one as "Always make the best of it," and act upon it, there would be much less croaking about the "misery of life." If we students here at College would only earnestly endeavor to be satisfied with the course which has been laid down for us—no matter how defective we may consider it—the number, who have to mourn at presentation day over the loss of four of the best years of life, would be greatly diminished.

J. M.

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### Have we a "Tom Brown" among us?

Who has closed "Tom Brown," leaving him before the Doctor's grave sorrowfully busy with his eight years' memories, and has not said, 'what an honest book!' What grander testimony could be given to the worth of a book? What praise would be more welcome to an author than the simple words, 'you have written sincerely?' Reviews might give their praises with liberal hand, but they would be worthless to him, if only some one of those he wrote to, should tell him 'you have told us some truths—we are better for it.' Simple words enough, and yet, how they would make his heart thrill with exultation, that he had not written fruitlessly.

English and American students have much to thank Mr. Hughes for, in his manly pictures of a school-boy's life. He has not tried to cover over a fault or add a virtue, to make his character more perfect.

He has only sought to make his picture a true one, careless as to whether our cheeks glow with shame or enthusiasm. He seems to have heard a voice continually whispering, as he wrote, 'Be sincere—be sincere;' and, indeed, there does not seem to have been the merest film of untruthfulness clouding his eyes, and his clear gaze has never wandered from the truth. We feel strangely attracted towards Mr. Hughes, he has written in such entire sympathy with us. His enthusiasm and sympathy are apparently as buoyant and fresh as though he were still at Rugby himself. His book is a splendid example of the old axiom, that he who feels most deeply, writes that which affects us most. Is it so much a wonder, then, that he reaches our hearts so readily, since he is telling of sports that have made his own blood bound; of friendships, that have made him feel that hearts can be drawn close together, when they understand what fidelity and confidence mean; and of sad scenes, that have touched the depths of his own pity and tenderness? Is it so much a wonder, that his words are at one time so strong and eloquent, and at another, so tenderly pathetic, when we know that he is standing in his old foot-prints, and summoning around him old scenes and familiar faces?

But it is useless to dwell on points that suggest themselves to every mind, or to attempt praise of a book, whose abiding beauty and power we all recognize. We started with the question, "Have we a 'Tom Brown' among us." We do not propose to offer a categorical answer. We only intend a hasty, and therefore by no means a rigid analysis, of Tom Brown's character, and let each answer for himself. We suppose the most of us, when we close the book, say, 'what a splendid character,' meaning, how perfectly developed. Subject, we believe to "like passions with us," yet, somehow, treading on immeasurably higher ground. Purposes nobler, life purer, than are those of any we see daily walking in our midst. We say, in a general way, that there were gathered in him an unsurpassed union of those qualities, that make the nearly perfect standard. Though we believe this is the common opinion, yet we venture to assert, that if a *real* Tom Brown were among us, shared our walks and chats, was admitted to our closest fellowship, we should hardly be aware of the fact. We might allow, in our loose language, that he was a "good fellow," but what we mean, is, that we should scarcely think of him as reaching our common conception of Tom Brown's character. Place us in the future, when years have cleared away the mists that blind us now, and purified our judgment, and we could come to a more just appreciation.

The first thing one observes, on a close examination of Tom Brown's character, is, that he was by no means possessed of brilliant qualities.

He would have made a sorry figure in prize debate, and could lay down rules for fishing and cricket easier than he could plan and develop an argument. The delicate, clear-headed Arthur could start a question and dash on like a keen-scented hound to the inevitable conclusion, while Tom would come lumbering along, stumbling over side questions, and always ending with some positive assertion. The fault was, his heart held complete mastery over his reasoning. He stubbornly clings to a sweeping condemnation of Naaman, because he thought he detected evidences of cowardice in him.

He was no scholar. He struggles a long time with East in the fifth form, while the quick-witted Arthur is far ahead of them. He uses "vulguses," and his repudiation of them, through Arthur's pleading, is one of the most notable scenes in the book, as well as one of the finest illustrations of his character. Why does he reject them? Is it because his scholarship will be less superficial? Is it because the grand thoughts, that lie hid in ancient poetry and philosophy, would be revealed to him? If the pleader had only used such arguments as these, the lessons would have been "done" in the old way; but as soon as Arthur makes him appear in the light of a deceiver to the Doctor, the victory is won. Tom's brain is bothered with the intricacies of an argument, but he never falters when a question of right is to be decided. Still he honors scholarship. He feels a sort of reflected glory in Arthur's success, and is proud of his scholarly attainments, although he is so much his own superior. Greek was to him only a most wearisome task, and hence it is that he looks on with such a mysterious awe, as Arthur's exquisite sensibility is touched to its very core by Helen's lament over Hector. It is a matter of amazement, how out of those Greek words that represent nothing to him but modes and tenses, there can come something that should draw tears. But how lightning-like comes the challenge to Slogger Williams! His sneers at his friend's tenderness, fire his whole nature in a moment.

We now come to another reason for our enthusiasm in Tom Brown—not a point in his character, but an external circumstance. We refer to his splendid vitality; his exuberant, bounding life. Right here, perhaps, is to be found the chief reason for his lack as a scholar. Football, cricket, racing over the fields, and fishing were too enticing. It would make a sick man's eye grow bright, and his pulse gather strength to read with what complete abandon he threw himself into these manly sports, and what perfect pleasure it was to give play to his overflowing, physical power.



What have we got now, after proceeding thus far in our imperfect analysis? Simply a roguish, healthful fellow, with no brilliant parts, and a dull scholar. Is this our model—our boy-hero? Is this our character, that we have to lift up our eyes to—he seems so far above us—and then imagine that we only dimly comprehend? Where, then, does lie the wonderful charm of Tom Brown's character. We may be at fault in answering this question, but we venture our belief. We remember those simple words of his father, when he left him; "Tell the truth; keep a brave, kind heart, and never listen to, or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you." Beautiful precepts, because they came with such living power to the heart. Beautiful precepts, because they made their appeal to those feelings that grow dull the last, and never wholly die. Beautiful precepts, because they were possessed of such utter simplicity, and yet reached out so far as to lie at the very gateways of religion. That he kept these words so fresh in his mind, and wandered from them so little, we believe is the reason of our just enthusiasm for his character. The soul of honor; brave as it was possible for a boy to be, and yet watching over Arthur as carefully as his own mother; hating cowardice with a perfect hatred, but hating meanness with an intense hatred; making friends not quickly but binding them to himself with close bonds, and withal, of naturally deep religious sensibilities—such is our idea of Tom Brown, and yet we are forced to believe that if such as this were among us, and the slow, plodding thinker and dull scholar that he was, he could never win our hearty admiration, as he does in the book. Our veneration for the more marked abilities warps our judgment. We reverence a splendid intellect more than we do a great heart. Where lies the fault, that we cannot do full honor to a *realized* Tom Brown? Partly, because he was destitute of the more shining qualities of intellect that are so especially fascinating to us. Partly, because his nobleness is so clearly set forth that we cannot but reverence it. But we think we can show a more profound reason than these, why, if a Tom Brown did dwell among us, he would not be valued rightly. The dying words of Schiller were, "many things are becoming plain and clear to me." The dawning light,—partly coming, perhaps, from the New Life, but more, we believe, because years had wrought their perfect work in setting reason free from the trammels of the feelings, and the feelings from the trammels of reason,—had driven away doubts and darkness, and given certainty to trembling hopes, and faith to half-believed promises. Thus, not to profane these beautiful words of the

dying poet, is it with us. We need years to dissipate the false colorings we give to character, and set it in its true light, and we even know that the few years of College, work amazing changes in our estimation of our fellows. This may be an excessively common-place fact, but we question whether we give it its true value.

What, then, is the guiding principle of Tom Brown's character, which we claim is so easily overlooked? We believe that when we enunciate this, we paint his whole character in a single word. A great seriousness was the overshadowing thing in his life. He threw his whole soul into whatever he was engaged in. Every question he touched became a serious question. He was most emphatically a type of an *earnest* man. What a poor, misconceived word *earnest* is! It is dragged into so much cant, and so tortured and twisted about, that it has at last got little significance with us, or if it means anything, it means a sort of Puritanic character, with all the gloom and shadow, and none of the bright parts of the picture. We believe an earnest man to be one who, from day to day, acts honestly by himself and fellows. Nothing, to take a superficial glance, appears very hard about this, and yet it requires fearlessness, and a depth of sincerity that we little imagine. It is a continual heroism to act honestly by your fellows, and who can stand the test?

Such we believe Tom Brown to have been. They always knew that what he said was his understanding of the truth, and when he took sides for or against an associate, he did it with an entire fearlessness, because he thought it right. Still, with all this, we are compelled to the belief, that a *realized* Tom Brown would be known among us worshippers of intellect and muscle, more as an expert oarsman and a good boxer, than because he was leading a more sincere life than the rest of us. So the question, without impropriety, may assume this form. "Have we an earnest man among us?" Can you point one out? At rare intervals you see one, but where do you find him? Is he among those honored ones? Is he among those who wear garlands on their heads,—symbols of triumph? Not so, but you will find him lower down—a quiet man, who always greets you cordially, and with such a pleasant smile. He is the most earnest man we have, and comes nearer than any to our Tom Brown standard. Even then, it is generally only by some sudden revelation, some accidental unveiling, that we catch a glance of inner nobleness.

With these hasty thoughts touching the question with which we started, and these few hints about Tom Brown's character, we end this sketch. We are conscious that our attempt at its analysis is essentially

weak, and that many vital points are left without a word. As we close, there press up before us a multitude of other questions, that spring from what we have written, and demand answers. Can we *cultivate* honest, earnest men, like Tom Brown? Must our social system undergo a revolution before we can do this? How can those who hunger and thirst for better things be filled and satisfied? These, and other searching questions, come thronging around us, but we are compelled reluctantly to put them aside without attempting answers.

We watch, almost with solicitude, Tom's career at Oxford. We torture ourselves with doubts as to whether he will still be the brave, honest Rugby boy, only more manly and more dignified, or will degenerate into the Oxford swell and rowdy. Will the deep, religious sensibilities of his school-days be deadened or blotted out by these later scenes? Above all, will the man be ashamed to carry with him to College those same beautiful precepts that the boy carried with him to school?

H. S. B.

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### Symptoms.

I have a friend who is ailing,  
And what can the matter be?  
His appetite fast is failing,  
And he dines upon toast and tea;  
His cheeks are thinning and paling  
To the hue of the pod of a pea.

He mopes through the recitation,  
Till he's called upon to speak,  
When he muddles his mensuration,  
And murders his Latin and Greek.

The tutor looks up from his pages  
To see what the man can mean,—  
For when asked what the Golden Age is,  
He stammers, "She's just eighteen."

He takes no thought for his linen,  
He towzles his flowing hair,

And I really think he's beginning  
To be careless, with wonderful care.

He takes no pains with his neck-tie,  
And must be demented, alas !  
For yesterday I suspect I  
Caught him before the glass ;

And why should he stand there and simper  
When he comes away again,  
Looking neglected and limper  
Than a rooster in the rain.

He has bought "Aids to Composition,"  
For the *synonymes* he said,—  
But the edge has a dark partition,  
Which shows 'tis the rhymes that are read.

While poring away like a Hindoo  
On his book, he will make a break  
Over table and chairs for the window,  
At the risk of his precious neck.

I look in vain for the reason,—  
No hand-organ draweth nigh,  
Not a circus has passed this season,  
Where that maiden is tripping by.

He slouches his hat like a bandit,  
Deep scowls his forehead mar ;  
He takes long walks in the moonlight,  
And lessons upon the guitar.

He never attempts to be funny,  
As he used to do of yore ;  
He doesn't borrow your money,  
And yet he's a terrible bore ;

For he comes to your room of an evening  
And reads you about the "glades,"  
And all his "dove"-ing and "love"-ing,  
Till you curse the "Parker's Aida."

He has taken to reading Byron,  
And hating his fellow-man,  
(Tho' I doubt if his fellow-women  
Would all come under the ban,)  
And he marks the lines to a Siren,  
And places in Don Juan.

One day I ventured to ask him,  
When he seemed to be in pain,  
If he didn't think 't was his stomach,—  
I don't think I'll ask again!

His cheeks will never be fatter,  
Nor turn from their pea-pod hue,  
Nor the scowls from his forehead scatter,  
Till we can discover the clue  
To what in the world is the matter,—  
I can't imagine, can you?

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### The Myths of England.

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, further going;  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"—*Tennyson.*

Yes, my friend, drop your graver studies for awhile, suspend your relations social and political, and visit with me an old world land, which, like memory, knows no present. Let no taint of your matter-of-fact life cleave to you, for we go into the border country between Nature and the realm of spirits. A sort of No-man's land is it, where human right and wrong are not; and our world gliding down its track of physical laws comes not near thereto. Plainly, reality, as men judge of reality, has no place here, where the mists of centuries dim our view of the nearest hills, and the shadow of that higher world, under whose verge the land lies, hangs over the whole landscape. Yet I ask you, my friend, whose every care is for the work of to day, to come hither with me. It may be that we shall bring some elfin gift of wisdom from out the mythical realm, and we may come out more empty-handed than we went in. Both fates have awaited adventurers in this region.

Are you with me? Then here we are in the greenest and deepest dingle of all England. Here, if anywhere, may we look for an apocalypse of the faëry world: for around us the oaks under which Guinevere was won, and Merlin wove his enchantments, stretch their

great arms in unbroken majesty. In those old days, upon this lush grass, now dappled with drops of sunlight streaming through the leaves, the fairies danced. Upon this mound, under the harvest-moon, they spread their banquets, and held their revels. Father Time has so loved the spot that he has dimmed no one of its glories, and the shadow of the past, that last grace of all beauty, lies tenderly upon the reality of the present. Nothing has changed but for the lovelier. Civilization, which has driven the ghostly visitors from all manner of places, has not meddled here. If we bide the night, then, will not the fairies come back to their familiar court? Alas, harvest-moons might wax and wane, and we grow old in waiting. You and I, my matter-of-fact friend, must sit down here, and improve our acquaintance with the elfin folk by talking of them. The kindly little people will not fail to reveal themselves to our understandings, and we may gain, after all, the best part of the fruits of intimacy.

I have often heard you express your wonder at the way in which races in their infancy infuse everything in nature with a soul, until the commonest speech of the people is instinct with poetry. Yes, nations like the day are wont to show their rarest splendors at rising and setting. The purple clouds of poetry glorify the dawn, and art is at its richest when the sun goes down. Why this is we will not stay to ask. It is enough at this time, that we fix our eyes upon one of the bright morning stars of English history. It has faded as the day has advanced, and now at noon-tide it holds our gaze more by the recollection of what it was, and by its interest as an exotic, than by any present luster of its own.

It seems to me, my friend, that wherever the fairy mythology of England differs from that of any other country, it excels the other. England drew her myths from the same source with her blood; and the same causes which make us think her men the bravest and noblest of Europe, lead us to regard her imagination as the purest and healthiest. France, Italy and Spain, through the crusades and Moslem rule, imbibed the superstitions of the East. The mythology of Persia and Arabia, marked by great splendor and wildness, intensified by the peculiar exaggeration of the Oriental mind, was the original of that which appears in Boiardo and Ariosto, and in the metrical and prose romances of France and Spain. But England had a calendar of fairies, elves and goblins, long before Peter the Hermit even preached the first Crusade. Before the battle of Hastings, away back in the times before King Arthur established his Table round, the little people had here an habitation and a defined office. And from the

first the English fays were the kind, lovely spirits, which we in childhood knew them. Their Scandinavian ancestry were not so uniformly amiable, but were divided into Bright Elves and Black Elves, who differed as their names. But when they were transplanted to the little isle, Scotland by some hap or other got all the Black Elves, while England became the home of their Bright brethren. Sir Walter Scott, one of the high priests of fairy lore, tries to account for this, partly by the influence of the Presbyterian clergy, which was against the supposed "light infantry of Satan," and partly by the aspect of the country. "As we should naturally attribute," he says, "a less malicious disposition, and a less frightful appearance to the fays who glide by moonlight through the oaks of Windsor, than to those who haunt the solitary heaths and lofty mountains of the North." But from whatever reason, it is certain that Scotland has a long tale against her elfin tribe, of infants stolen before baptism, or exchanged for a hideous imp or idiot; of crops blasted, travelers misled in trackless bogs, cattle maimed, health ruined, and even of men taken bodily to elf land. You know that where the English fairies danced over night was left a ring of grass of deeper green than that about it; these Scotch perversions danced too, but left the grass of their ring scorched, and the ground sterile. The English fairies rode, but their steeds bent not the head of a spear of grass that they trode on, nor brushed the dew from the heart of a violet; the Scotch elves rode also, and left behind them wherever they went, sickness, blight and famine. And there is a curious fact, that the Scotch named their spirits, the "good neighbors," or "people." So they called the arch-fiend "the gude man," both which facts Scott mentions as an instance of the tendency of the Caledonian vulgar to avoid offense, or to propitiate those enemies whom they fear.

However much the English fairies may have differed from those of the Highlands before the time of Elizabeth, the distance between them was widened beyond measure, by Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which gathered all the popular beliefs concerning these little folks, and elevated them for all time. We may divine the fairy character, and all the round of their employments from this play. We learn how they glided at midnight through key-holes of cottage and manor house, how they delighted in the well swept hearth, and the fire left for them,—how the tidy housemaid was blest with pleasant dreams, and "sixpence in her shoe," while the hapless sloven was pinched black and blue, in her bed,—how they blessed every relation of the virtuous, and with what humor they punished wrong

doers,—what innocent and beautiful lives they led; and the exceeding delicacy and beauty of everything pertaining to their dress, their equipage, their manners, their persons. Were we to speak of all the characteristics of these little people, or even of all who have written of them, I fear, my friend, that we should consume the day. For they have been the darlings of the poets, a class of men who never keep up from age to age anything which is not pure, and beautiful, and true, and whose love for the fairies is in itself a sufficient guaranty that the fairies are a race worth the knowing. Is not that people a desirable acquaintance whom Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Milton, and Herrick, and Drayton, and Hogg, and Scott, and Hood, and Keats, and a hundred others, all loved, and all celebrated?

Indeed I so love these fairy folk, that though I leave the half concerning them unsaid, through the dire necessity of ending somewhere, I must propound one question before I go. When did the fairies leave England, or have they left yet? Five hundred years ago, Chaucer wrote thus, in the *Wif of Bathe's Tale*.

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,  
Of which that Bretons spoken gret honour,  
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;  
The Elf-quene, with hire joly compaignie,  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede,  
This was the old opinion as I rede;  
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;  
But now can no man see non elves mo."

So the fairies were a thing of King Arthur's time? But nearly two hundred years afterward, we find Shakspeare speaking of them as if the belief in them was still alive. About the time of Shakspeare's death, in a song by Bishop Corbett, called "*The Fairies' Farewell*," we find the following:

Witness: those rings and roundelays  
Of theirs, which yet remaine,  
Were footed in Queen Marie's dayes,  
On many a grassy playne.  
But since of late Elizabeth,  
And later James came in,  
They never danced on any heath  
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies  
Were of the old profession;  
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,  
Their dances were procession.



But now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or further for religion fled;  
 Or else they take their ease.

Then, after all, these uncertain sprites lived until Queen Mary's time, and then, they surely died? Yet, a little later, at the close of the first book of *Paradise Lost*, Milton speaks of

"Fairy elves  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees  
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear:  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds."

Were not they gone yet? Why, if they were, should Milton bring so ignorant a peasant into an epic? As I am skeptical on the point of Milton's fallibility, in this case, I may be pardoned for repeating a further, and well-known passage from *L'Allegro*, where the gossips discourse thus:

"She was pinched and pulled, she said,  
 And he by friar's lantern led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail had threshed the corn,  
 That ten day-laborers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And stretched out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings."

Finally, both Ritson and William Howitt, not to mention testimony between Milton's time and ours, assure me that to this day the belief in fairies is strong in certain secluded districts in Wales. What must we think? If I may answer for myself, I not only trust this statement, but I believe the fairies *are* in Wales at this present. The amiable little people are too good, and too beautiful to be lost to the world, and yet the world has grown too bad for them to live in it. They have, therefore, awaiting the day when we shall be again worthy of their company, gone into quiet quarters at the West end of the Island they so loved.

My friend, whatever others may do and say, let us go to Wales and visit the fairies.

A.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### BASE BALL.

BASE Ball Clubs were started in College a little over a year ago, and during all last fall, the game was played, by the Junior and Sophomore classes, with a perfect vengeance. With the former, every afternoon, week in and week out, from the beginning of the first term, down to Thanksgiving, used to find the ball-ground pretty plentifully sprinkled with players and students, till about five or six minutes to four, when, suddenly, the whole field would be vacant. It was pleasant though—those afternoons—the inside, except the striker and now and then a man at the base, all lying in a heap, while some one read the lesson to the rest—the outside, intent on the game, watching every pass of the ball, now here now there—guarding every point, and sure by-and-by to take their turn at lazy study and the bat; well—these warm, sunny days were pleasant, and, had it not been for something better, would almost have made us wish, this term, that it was Junior year again. Senior year, and a long, homely shanty, which has impudently stretched its length across the home base, has changed all this, and ball playing with '61 has been numbered with the things that were.

Last year the club in '62 challenged the club in '61, and in the match game which followed, the latter came out No. 1. This year, the same clubs played another match game—'62 having challenged again—and of the disasters of that day it is my sad duty to chronicle, at least, a passing notice.

On the afternoon of the last issue of the Lit., a mournful procession of nine, muffled in coats and shawls, and pushing in front of them, in spite of wind and a drizzling rain, a row of flapping umbrellas, "might have been seen wending their way" towards the Quinniac ball ground, which had been selected as the place for the meeting of the clubs.

At the toss, '62 having won the choice, chose the outs, and the first man of '61 went in and took the bat. The particulars of this interesting game we are not going to relate. It is bad enough to stand on the first base, shivering in the cold—have all the balls knocked—well, anywhere, see the inside fellows legging around the bases, socking, now and then, in their haste, the long spikes of their shoes, in the most uncereemonious manner, into your feet—hear their friends shout, clap their hands, "go in—go in—hurrah for our side;" see now and then a '61 man with a lugubrious facial expression—and hear the earnest inquiry—"what's the matter with you fellows?"—"can't you do better?"—"don't give it up at any rate," *et cetera, et cetera*; get a knock yourself—*tick*, out, the meanest of all mean ways to get out—*tick*, out, bah!—next man ditto; pick up your coat, travel back to your post, sure that by the time you get there, the third man will have had his little show—and be on his way to meet you—all this is very pleasant, in fact I may say, delightful; but what shall I say of the emotions caused by the profuse amount of cigars which were suddenly smoked throughout College—cigars, which, by their number and flavor, and withal by the serene, satisfied, *sometimes* even smiling expression of countenance which their possessors wore, betokened neither purchase

for cash, purchase on tick, purchase by books; in fact, denoting no purchase at all, but rather a little friendly present—indicative of the uncertainty of all earthly hopes in general, and of the duty of future economy among the victimized few, in particular.

No more am I going to repeat all the villainous loads, which were gotten off on the number of tallies scored by the discomfited and cerulean "nine." I will just out with it—plump and square. In five or six innings—I can't afford to be particular—'61 scored just one tally; '62 anywhere from twenty to twenty-five. A driving rain broke off this interesting game, and since the eventful afternoon, no disposition has been manifested to resume it.

"I pray Sir, deal with men in misery,  
Like one that may himself be miserable—  
Insult not too much upon our wretchedness;  
The noble minds still will not when they can."

#### BURIAL OF EUCLID.

The usual notice of the pass-word, at the usual time, was passed around the various classes in College, and for once was unheralded by the diabolical screechings of tin horns. If there was one nuisance more than another about College, which used to make our teeth grate and our blood boil, it was the unearthly howlings of Sophomoric tin horns. If only a little more digestible, we would like to have seen every one of them rammed down their owner's throats. Those members of '63 who had the charge of the last Burial of Euclid, in requesting everybody to leave their tin horns at home, acted like sensible men. They showed a regard for the feelings of the sick in the city, which was certainly commendable.

At 10 o'clock Friday night, Nov. 16, all who wished to participate in the proceedings, assembled on the State House steps; and, after lighting their torches, formed their procession, and headed by the New Haven Band, marched past the Colleges, then down Chapel street to Union Hall, which, in consequence of the refusal of somebody to let them have the Temple, had been secured for the exercises of the evening. The procession was very orderly, and, under the circumstances, a very fine one. The fact is, that if it were not for the perfectly outrageous excesses which characterize these exercises, both in the street and in the Hall, and which disgust the greater part of College, this procession, with its grotesque and goblin disguises, its torches and brilliant fireworks, and the opportunity it affords for fine masquerade display, would be something in which all College could engage, and thus produce a magnificent procession at night, which would at least suggest something like that of the old carnivals at Rome.

The exercises at the Hall, as we have understood, were rather tame, but deserve no little praise for the absence of the usual characteristics of Burial of Euclid speeches. The programme is not overstocked with wit, but nevertheless, the performance was an improvement, in many respects, upon those of preceeding years.

#### PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Somebody, to us an unknown artistic genius, not long ago drove a bob-tail hearse up Elm street, and after hitching his decrepid quadrupedal equine beast to a diminutive upright post, proceeded to plant his stereoscopic apparatus in the

middle of the street, and to level it at a unique groupe of every variety of expression, from the sublimely misanthropic and the getting-my-picture-taken look of the handsome man, to the dont-care-a-continental of the homely ones! in every variety of position, from the graceful *neglige* and the dignified erect, to the outright squat upon the sidewalk, and the inelegant straddle and regular cock-of-the-roost perch upon the highest rounds of the fence. Both Divisions were soon immortalized; and their pictures are now on exhibition and for sale at 155 Divinity.

Mr. Moulthrop, we understand, has been engaged to take Photographs of that part of the class who prefer them to steel engravings. If we can judge of his skill in the art by a picture of the Cymothœe, which he has on exhibition, he will probably succeed to the satisfaction of all. In light and shade, in grouping and general artistic arrangement, it is as fine a picture as that of the "Harvard," which so excited our jealousy a few months ago. She is taken at "give way," and is manned by the crew who won in her the first prize in the barge race, at the beginning of the present term.

#### THANKSGIVING JUBILEE.

This festival has now become a fixed institution of College. As far down as the Class of '57, the usual exercises consisted of extempore speeches, society songs, and such other matters as the occasion would suggest. They naturally gave way to something more elaborate and entertaining, until now in Thanksgiving Jubilee we have one of the richest entertainments which College performances afford.

In the brief notice which we give of the exhibition, we are obliged to omit to a great extent everything like minuteness of detail, and speak for the most part in general terms. Besides, there is this fact which we cannot overlook, and which almost disarms criticism, namely, the whole efforts of those engaged in the performances are gratuitous, and undertaken solely to please the rest of their fellow-students, and that too, not unfrequently with considerable reluctance and personal inconvenience. We believe, however, that a fair criticism is not only proper, but for reasons which suggest themselves to all, even desirable. The order of exercises was as follows:

1. Opening Load.
2. Address by Hon. Chas. Sumner, (cut short by a visit of the New Haven troops and a Wide Awake torch-light procession.)
3. Report of the Censor of the Brothers in Unity.
4. Comedy—The Stage Struck Yankee.
5. Prof. DeLauney and his Pictures.
6. Hand Organ and Monkey accompaniment,
7. The Tragedy of Alcestis.
8. Political Burlesque.
9. Nixon's Circus and Menagerie of Wild Animals, concluding with a ballet dance.
10. Songs from '63's Glee Club.
11. Farce—A Romance under Difficulties.

The Committee of Arrangements had been at considerable pains in getting up good stage appurtenances, a good orchestra, and on the whole a splendid order of exercises for the evening's entertainment. The first business of the two Societies was to elect officers for the occasion—a President and Secretary from each—the



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